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J. M. J.

Editorial

With Vol. II, No. 4, INTER NOS completes its second year of publication. We send to the press this fourth issue with an expression of sincere appreciation to our subscribers—those faithful friends, whose subscriptions and encouraging comments are important factors in heartening the quarterly to venture its third year of life. Gratitude also is due to our contributors, members of our religious faculty and our alumnae and students. The harassed mother writes amidst the stress of home duties, husband, children also who must be taken to and from school and in their playtime pacified while "mother" tried to finish her promised article before the deadline. The student contributor not less busy—department teas which must be set up, posters made before the week end, tests and term papers—all these seem to loom threateningly whenever the dreaded question comes, "Is your article for INTER NOS ready? You know you promised six weeks ago that you would have it finished in time." We appreciate your difficulties and thank you for overcoming them. Without you, our subscribers and contributors, INTER NOS would be nothing but a blue cover. Without our faculty contributors even the cover must go.

This year has marked momentous milestones in the history of the Sisters of St. Joseph, and in the history of Mount Saint Mary's College. Three hundred in the first case; twenty-five in the second. All over the world—in the Orient and in the Occident—Sisters of St. Joseph celebrated with special veneration and grateful love October fifteenth, nineteen hundred fifty, the three hundredth anniversary of that happy day in sixteen fifty when at Le Puy, France, the first Sisters of St. Joseph were given their blessed habit to set them apart as spouses of Jesus Christ, who were offering themselves to work for His honor and glory in a life uniting action with contemplation. Mount Saint Mary's College on the same treasured feast celebrated its silver jubilee, the twenty-fifth founders' day, since its first Freshman Class, twenty-five loyal and devoted students, trusted their college career to the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet, who provided them with a well equipped faculty and one classroom at St. Mary's Academy. In that first year teachers took their turns in the classroom for lectures and the science laboratory courses shared a room with the Academy high school. Nine of this twenty-five continued through the four years. An additional Junior brought their number to the ten, who on June 16, 1929, received their degrees from His Excellency Most Rev. John J. Cantwell, D.D., on a site cleared for the occasion on the new campus, where the graduation exercises were also marked with the ground breaking ceremony for the first building on "The Mount."

The Tercentennial was celebrated by a Solemn High Mass at St. Vincent's Church, in which parish our first foundation in Los Angeles was located. This was St. Mary's Academy opened in 1889 and located at Twenty-first and Grand Avenue. Bishop Thaddeus Amat, a son of St. Vincent, invited our sisters to California while more than fifty years earlier another of St. Vincent's sons, Bishop Rosati of St. Louis, brought Sisters of St. Joseph to America. The Mass at St. Vincent's was "coram pontifice" through the gracious consent of Most Rev. J. Francis A. McIntyre, who presided. Rt. Rev. John Cawley, P.A.V.G., was the celebrant. Rev. Marshall Winne, C.M., was deacon, and Rev. Francis J. Harrington, S.J., subdeacon. The Mass was sung by our Novices.

On Saturday afternoon and on five following nights the dramatic department of St. Mary's Academy presented a play in semi-pageant form picturing the history of our congregation. Sister Davida Joseph with collaboration from Sister Thomas Bernard wrote the play which was staged by Miss Ruth Gaines. Splendid chorals and Spanish dances provided colorful interludes.

Mount Saint Mary's College celebrated its Jubilee on Sunday the fifteenth with a Solemn High Mass opening the day. Rt. Reverend Patrick Dignan officiated and preached the sermon. Rev. Augustine Murray acted as deacon and Rev. James Corbett, S.J., as subdeacon. Rev. James O'Reilly was Master of Ceremonies.

The Clergy, Student Body, and Alumnae were breakfast guests of the College following the Mass. Mrs. K. C. Clem was toast mistress at breakfast representing the Alumnae. Mother Agnes Marie, the president, addressed the group. Mother Margaret Mary, the first president, Sister Marie de Lourdes, and Sister Mary Dolorosa also said a few words about pioneering days. Gertude Cramer, Alumnae president, presented the association's appreciative testimonial, a check of \$800.

From three to five in the afternoon a reception was held, guests being greeted in the Charles Willard Coe Memorial Library. Hundreds of visiting friends, past and present students, their parents and others renewed old acquaintances and formed new ones. After signing the guest book hostesses directed them to the dining hall where another opportunity offered itself for social contacts.

The ceremonies closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at which Rt. Rev. Martin Mc Nicholas officiated.

In this closing number of our Jubilee year, INTER NOS is happy to call to the attention of its readers the loyal cooperation of Mount Saint Mary's Guild, with its valiant president, Mrs. Gualano, her able assistants, and each member of a closely knit organization which has been a wonderful help in furthering college projects. The Chapel Chimes, the furnished Social Hall and other gifts, would have been difficult if not impossible of attainment without the understanding cooperation of our Guild. To Alumnae mothers, to mothers of all past and present "Mount girls," to fathers, and to all our friends and benefactors we extend our fervent thanks. May God continue to bless and guard you and yours.

SISTER MARY DOLOROSA

The Two

By Dolores Welgoss

Another Christmas! Father Androvich heaved a sigh. After five years—five long years of hiding, fearing each unfamiliar foot-step and knock, labouring in factories, fields, anywhere!—he had found but two he could trust—just two to whom he could teach the truths of Christ. He recalled his night-marish trek across that icy desert. Was all that hardship—hunger—anguish—worth it? Just two from so many! Yet much depended upon those two—Father Androvich's life today, because the secret police were watching him, and the life of Russia tomorrow!

These two, both outstanding leaders in the Soviet University, could either be Apostles of Christ—antidotes for the youth of Russia whose minds were already contaminated with the poisons of Communism; or they could be like so many of the rest—hating God and all who teach Him—anxious to be rewarded with a ribboned-medal for turning in a “traitor” priest.

Father Androvich checked his wandering thoughts. No! He was sure of his trust in Manya and Volodia. He looked at his watch. They were already an hour late. He made excuses. . . . The newly fallen snow had not yet hardened and having to trudge through it would make them slower. Anyway, they did promise to be there for the Christmas Liturgy.

Father Androvich's thoughts went on. This was the day the Communistic Youth Association was to nominate its officers. Manya and Volodia, popular and excellent students, were sure to be nominated if they made their appearance at the headquarters.

Volodia, though twenty-two, is just a boy at heart. He will do what Manya does for he is very fond of her. And Manya is sure to do the right thing.

Father again looked at his watch. Another hour gone—he would have to start the Liturgy without them.

Raising a loose board in the floor he took out the sacred vessels and a vial containing a few drops of wine which he himself had made by squeezing out some moistened raisins. Then he prepared the leavened bread for the consecration while softly reciting the prayers of the Preparation.

He stopped suddenly! A band was coming up the street! Father Androvich hastened to the window. A crowd of young men and

women were parading, waving banners and shouting—"Mnogaya Leta, Volodia! Long life!"

Father braced himself on the window sill. No! He couldn't believe it! Manya wouldn't desert him, not Manya! Yet there was Volodia being carried and cheered by the crowd. Volodia, who would follow Manya anywhere. But why this? Oh, no, no! Manya! Volodia!

There was a draft in the room. Somebody had opened the door. It was Manya!

"Quickly, Father! Put these on," she said, handing him a shuba¹ and fur hat. "We must leave at once. I overheard Lieutenant Lensky say that the police were coming here tonight. They have found you out. Hurry. Father! I have everything ready!"

The priest followed her out into the dark night, down the narrow streets in the direction of the old Petrovsky Park. Suddenly she stopped.

"Look, Father," she said, "there's Lieutenant Lensky! Quick this way!"

They cut off down an alley and stopped directly behind the old Petrovsky Palace. From this hiding place without being seen they could watch the park where the mob of communistic students had gathered to praise their new leader, Volodia. They heard Lieutenant Lensky give to the rabble the command of dismissal. Soon all was quiet. They waited an hour. The park was sure to be deserted now. They cut across it and made their way down another narrow alley which led to the cemetery, just within the city limits. Here Manya stopped and pointed to a troika.

"The horses are ready to go, Father," she said smiling. "And, look, so is our driver!"

Father stared at the figure in the sleigh. It was Volodia!

¹ Sheep skin coat.

The Old Home

By Marilou O'Connor

Mrs. Haskin followed her son to the door of the old home unable to speak because of the tears in her throat. She stood there, twisting her handkerchief, as he said, "New York isn't such a bad place—you'll see. All Elizabeth and I want to do is make you and Dad happy. You'll have your own room, a radio and the newspapers. Elizabeth is getting everything fixed up today, and she'll help you unpack and get settled when you come tomorrow. In the evenings you can go to the show or do whatever you want. And Dad won't have to shovel snow, or worry about the frozen pipes in the kitchen. You'll really like New York, I know."

"But, Jim, your pa and me have lived here in Greenville for almost fifty years now, and it's awful hard to think of givin' up the house and the farm. Bob Merrill does all the hard work and your pa and me just sort of boss things. And we're used to this place and the folks, and . . ."

"Mother, we go over that again and again, everytime I come down. Elizabeth and I worry about you two alone here in the country, especially in the wintertime. And this weather—look, it's snowing again! It's enough to give anyone pneumonia!" As he said this, Jim opened the door to leave. "Elizabeth and I just want you and Dad to be happy."

"We're both happy here, Jim," his father said slowly, "and we'll be a whole lot happier the rest of our lives here where we know folks. The phone you had put in makes things as handy here as in the city. All I and your ma want is to be left here to live the rest of our lives in peace, and if I go to New York, I'll be . . ."

"Shelved, eh Dad?" interrupted Jim, grinning. "Forget it—you're good for another thirty years if you take it easy."

The old clock on the sideboard struck five and Jim said, "I've got to leave; I promised Elizabeth I'd be back in time for the dinner she's giving tonight."

He kissed his mother's cheek and shook hands with his father, saying, "I'll be down tomorrow to pick up you two. We'll get home in time for Christmas dinner, if you'll have your things all packed. Only the apartment isn't too big, you know, so don't load the car with things you don't need."

Mrs. Haskin looked out the door for a few minutes till Jim's car disappeared in the swirling snow. She sighed heavily as she turned to her husband who was sitting dejectedly in the old rocker in front of the fireplace.

"John, ain't it awful when a couple as old as we are can't have any say in their own affairs? Seems like we're old enough to have some sense. I'll never get used to them city ways of Elizabeth's, like servin' meals in installments, and tryin' to use a whole set of silverware eatin' it. And it ain't so much gettin' used to their ways as it is givin' up ours," Mrs. Haskin continued. "When it warms up in the spring I always enjoy gettin' out my bulbs and plantin' them; and settin' hens and watchin' for the baby chicks; and in the fall I want to can fruit and vegetables, and make jam, and work on my rag carpets and my quilts. I couldn't do any of them things penned up in a high-toned compartment. And besides, Elizabeth wouldn't allow a rag carpet or a pieced quilt in her fancy place."

She paused for a fraction of a second. "Do you know, John, she even has her dishes done by machinery?"

But John hadn't heard a word Maud said. He'd been thinking about Christmas. "Maud, what would we ever do in New York at Christmas—all them fancy parties and dinners. That ain't Christmas. And if we wasn't here, who'd be Santy Claus at the church social Christmas Day? I've been doin' it for years and years, and if I couldn't see those kids' faces shine and couldn't help fix up the tree—why, it just wouldn't be Christmas. Who'd do it if I wasn't here? And who'd make the pies for the Christmas party—no one can make real mince pie like you can, Maud. We just can't go!"

Suddenly Jim rocked his chair forward determinedly. "Maud, I won't go—I just won't. And you ain't goin' either. We just ain't goin'!"

"But, John, Jim said—"

"I don't care what Jim said. We ain't goin'! We're old enough to have sense, and it makes sense to stay here. Something will come up, just see if it don't."

"Well, maybe you're right," Maud answered, "but—"

"There ain't no buts about it. I'm right and just to show Jim, we're not goin' to pack tonight. We're goin' to town and go to the church party. It's Christmas eve, and I'm going to fix the tree, and act just like it was any Christmas eve."

"But, John, it's snowin' and you know we'll have to walk. We'll get wet and catch cold, and Jim—"

"And nothin'. It ain't that cold. And if we do catch cold or pneumonia, we can't go to New York in the morning. Don't you see, Maud, it's our only chance. If I do have thirty years more to live like Jim said, I ain't goin' to spend 'em in the city alearnin' to live all over again."

"Shortly after, the two were on their way. The scarves and

coats they wore against the cold made walking difficult, so they detoured through the pasture, preferring the snowdrifts to the longer cleared route on the highway. Neither of them felt like talking so they trudged along in silence, shivering slightly. The icy crust on the top of the snow caused by last night's freeze, clung to their clothes and turned into cold dampness as it melted. When they had gone some distance, they crossed the highway, and were spotlighted by a car just rounding the corner. Brakes screamed and a sharp voice shouted, "What ever does this mean? Good heavens, it's the Haskins. What in the world!"

It was the doctor. Without another word, he took in the wet skirt and blue cold nose of Mrs. Haskin, and the soaked feet of Mr. Haskin, and roughly bundled them into his car. He drove hurriedly to their farm, and with the help of a neighbor, built the fire, and put the old people to bed, deluging them with advice and his opinion of their "taking a walk in this weather."

Early the next morning he came out to the farm and found them both still in bed, alternately sneezing and sniffing with colds. Both, however, were smiling rather smugly over their escape from New York.

"I finally figured out why the two of you went strolling last night, and I called Jim. He took my—ah—expert advice and wired back. Here's his telegram."

The doctor handed Mr. Haskin the yellow paper; it read:

"A Merry Christmas, Dad and Mom. A very Merry Christmas—at the farm. And may you have a very Happy New Year, this year and years to come—at the farm. I didn't realize it meant so much to you. Love, Jim."

Uncle Tim

By Peggy Scott

The little old man unpadlocked the rusty iron gates of the zoo in the chill dawn. Inside the gates, Leo and Homer were trying to outsnarl one another. This wasn't a day of rejoicing for them; their breakfast was already late, and in any well-kept zoo this didn't happen. But the keeper paid no attention to them. He sighed, turned away, and started down the graveled path to the feed bins.

He recalled that Mr. Lukas, the superintendent, had warned him no one wanted to come to a zoo on Christmas day but the Board of Trustees felt even the price of one ticket well worth a keeper's time and effort. He should have told Mr. Lukas he would be busy on Christmas. Oh well, someone had to feed the animals; it might as well be he.

Leo must have been particularly hungry this morning; he had never before tried to grab his hamburger, hand and all. Behind bars Leo looked like a menial peasant, tearing at his food. After finishing his breakfast he lumbered to his feet and gazed fiercely at the Zebra cage, where Minnie and Hortense, in their usual stripes, contentedly chewed their bran. As the keeper walked past Cleopatra he ignored her trunk begging for peanuts, which never agreed with her anyway. He passed on to feed Oscar, the pheasant, who reminded him of one of yesterday's visitors. She had probably just bought a new outfit, and wanted everyone else to know it.

After feeding the animals he walked over to the tool shed. Ordinarily he would be free now until the next feeding; but today he decided to rake the walks. As he pulled the rake after him his thoughts wandered to the little children who visited the zoo. He had no regrets, even on Christmas, that he had let any child who didn't have a ticket, slip under the turnstile. The children showed their appreciation by following him around the cages, listening to his exciting stories of his animals.

He wondered if Tommy had found a pair of braces under his tree this year. Or if Jolly had seen Santa Claus coming down the chimney. He could remember Rosie telling him she was too old for Santa Claus, but if she found some roller skates under the tree, she might change her mind. The children could tell this old man their secret wishes, for he could remember his bare childhood, and sympathize.

As he gathered the leaves near the gates he saw patrolman Clancy whistling along his beat. Clancy bellowed out a "Merry Christmas,"

and followed the old man as he raked. "Almost caught some of those young scallywags of yours yesterday. Sure, and they do think 'tis a joke to see me puffing after them, trying to keep them out of some new devilment. Maybe if I was to lock 'em up, I could keep an eye on 'em." The big grin on Clancy's face belied his words and the old man smiled at him. "Could I be using your phone to report in? So far it's been a very quiet day."

The old man led Clancy over to the office and started to go in. He stopped, his face wrinkled into a puzzled frown. A little Christmas tree crowned with a silver star, stood on the desk. In the corner was a large cardboard box. A short silence—a giggle—a shout—and the box popped open and children jumped out to rush to Uncle Jim. His wrinkles went back to their regular places and the smile reflected his happiness.

There was Tommy, without crutches, walking jerkily toward him. And Rosie was sliding on one skate to him. The others were all there, rushing to greet him. They were on him, leaving him no chance to get a breath, and steady himself.

When the office had quieted down and Clancy had left, the children brought their gifts over to his chair. He started to open Jolly's present, but the others couldn't wait. Everyone tore open his present to give to Uncle Tim. There was a pair of mittens, not too well matched; but when four miniature knitters work on one mitten there are apt to be some differences. Jerry and Glen must have saved some of their money from the paper route to buy so many cigars. And only Jeremiah could have found a tie so bright. The old man couldn't speak, couldn't tell them how it felt to know they had done all this just for him.

Then Mr. Lukas burst in with a "Merry Christmas," and passed out ice cream to the children. Clancy followed with a big green and red cake. "The kids wanted to surprise you, Tim, so we thought we'd surprise them," Clancy said.

After everyone had had his fill of cake and ice cream they followed Uncle Tim out to feed the animals. With the children helping, everyone was fed in record time. When they returned to the office Mr. Lukas and Clancy had left. The children walked with the old man out to the gates, waited while he locked up, and escorted him to the little flat where he lived. This night his room wasn't cold and lonely; the gifts of his little friends and the echoes of their last "Merry Christmases" still lingered in the room and warmed it.

Sacrifice Supreme

By Joan Murphy

Terror swept over Father John as he stood enveloped in darkness. Will he make it? Will the plans work or will the little group of peasants be deprived of their one Christmas joy. His heart beat in time with the quick steps of the guard. The man crouched beside him felt the same terror. There was a quick exchange of glances. The man crouching ran into the darkness and in front of the guard. "Halt! Who goes there?" Father John crawled silently to the fence, found the hole and squeezed under. In the background he heard a shot pierce the dark silence.

He was free! He would slip back in the morning while the guard was making his rounds and would never be missed.

The snow fell softly and each flake snuggled into the thick blanket covering the ground. Father stepped the miles away. The beauty of the snow diminished as the cold wetness seeped in through the cracks in his shoes and his pants cuffs froze until they were solid. His legs from the knees down might well have belonged to someone else for all he could feel. His fingers would move no longer and his nose and face burned as the cold flakes nested on them. Inside he was aflame. The cold was minor when he remembered that he would give Midnight Mass to people whose spirits were starving with the flesh. He felt warmth from the precious gift he would give in a land where gifts were no longer given.

Judging from the dingy khaki trousers, the worn brown shoes and the heavy navy jacket, the man trudging through the snow would never be taken for a priest. The old stocking cap he had pulled over his ears would turn familiar eyes away.

Two tiny spots broke the darkness giving Father time to get out of sight. The spots grew large and yellow, lighting the darkness all around. Father John thanked God for the bank of snow behind which he was lying and the wall of darkness which hid him from the truck of soldiers. Shouts of harsh merriment passed with the truck as the red lights grew small and the voices faded. He was almost sorry to see it go. It meant that he had to get up and go on when sleep was dancing on his eye lids.

With the four of the five miles behind him he knew the next one would bring him to Ivan and to warmth. The thought of warmth quickened his step but that of town made his feet feel heavy. In

a town of seven hundred people one stranger would be conspicuous—could he make it or had all this been for nothing?

A light! Two lights! Town was really in sight. He would make it! A voice broke the cold silence, "Hello, who is it?" What should he say, were he caught? "Hello, who is asking?" The man stepped closer and Father could make out the features. "I am Ivan Zimmer-zuk, and you?" "Father John."

II

"Hoc est enim Corpus Meum!" Heads bent low and spirits lifted. Eager hearts opened and souls yearned. It had been six months since they had looked upon the uplifted Host. The shabby store room and absence of voices, singing praises, did not lessen the beauty of the Sacrifice. When Father John laid the Host on the tongues of the communicants, it was as if he gave with it strength to go on living with the godless, and to act as one of them.

There has never been a sermon preached as Father John preached that night. He gave everything he had and some new power that God had just given him, because he alone had never done so well. He made the sermon longer than usual because, even though he was more priest than he was man, his nature was repelled when he thought of the long journey back to the camp.

Father talked with the people as long after Mass as he dared, and when he left the tears of gratitude that filled their eyes, paid him for the risks and gave him courage to face the weather.

All thirty degrees below zero pierced his flesh. The five miles looked like a slow walk through eternity. Several times during the night he felt as though he had taken his last step. The snow had ceased falling and the stars kept Father company. They blinked a merry Christmas at him. He imagined they were lights on the familiar Christmas tree of his childhood in America. Strange how very long ago it seemed. His mother's kind face and his father's stern but guiding hand. Could they see him tonight? Would they carry his humble offering to the Infant? The priest stood still a minute and then fell to his knees, a strange torpor overpowering him. "I offer you my clumsy hands and feet cold as Your sacred hands and feet must have been in the stable. Thank You for giving them strength to carry You to Your children tonight." With these words his eyes closed and he no longer felt the cold.

The Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet

By Sister M. Dolorosa

(Conclusion)

Previous to the inception of a plan for general government, hoped for by Mother Celestine in 1856, many diocesan establishments had been founded. Between 1844 and 1847 three schools had been opened in St. Louis, St. Vincent's, St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum and a school for Catholic colored girls. Although the last named enrolled one hundred pupils, whose parents were free negroes a few large hearted masters enrolled their slaves. Anti-negro prejudice however was running high and the sisters unable to overcome the many obstacles thwarting this zealous work were forced to close the school. In 1847 a bill was passed in the legislature imposing a fine "not to exceed \$500.00" on anyone found teaching a negro to read or write. The school was closed, but the sisters continued to give negro children religious instruction.

The successor to Mother St. John Fontbonne, Mother Sacred Heart Tezenas, deciding that Lyons could not continue to send sisters for the American missions, judging also that the novitiate at Carondelet was now able to train American girls, for the religious life, who could fill up the ranks with greater efficiency in their native country than those sent from abroad, suggested that the congregation in Carondelet become autonomous. This arrangement was made by mutual agreement, ten years after the coming of the first group to America.

Following the year 1847 foundations outside St. Louis began to be asked for. The first of these was in Philadelphia with Sister Saint John Fournier as superior of St. John's Orphan Asylum, the establishment of parochial schools followed, and the care of St. Joseph's Hospital was entrusted to the Sisters of St. Joseph, their first hospital in America. The work of the Sisters in Philadelphia grew and prospered, developing at length into a centre of general government of its own.

Houses were opened in Canada centering at Toronto, at Wheeling, Virginia, in various cities of New York, and in Minnesota, centering about St. Paul, where pioneering conditions resembled early days at Carondelet. Hospitals, schools, orphanages and Indian missions were included in these early projects.

Foundations followed in the South, so that the congregation

was becoming a widely scattered group, with travel difficulties making close contacts infrequent. The natural development from such a situation would threaten uniformity of life, rule and custom, unless a plan were devised to insure union. Aided by Archbishop Kenrick, Mother Celestine planned a visit to all the houses to propose a centralized Mother House and general government. Ill health prevented her from making this visitation, but Father Augustine Paris spiritual father at Carondelet visited our eastern houses and while in Europe talked the question over, with superiors at Lyons and elsewhere. They agreed that a general form of government independent of Europe best suited the needs of the congregation in America.

Mother Celestine died before definite action could be taken. Her loss seemed irreparable but a worthy successor was found in Mother Saint John Facemaz, who completed the work of reorganization. Instead of a visitation, she invited delegates from centres, interested in the proposal, to meet at Carondelet to discuss the question. Delegates came from every diocese where the Sisters of St. Joseph were established, except from Buffalo, Philadelphia and Brooklyn. The result of the convention was an agreement to make Carondelet the Mother House, and the residence of the Superior General, with provinces erected wherever there were three houses of the community. At the time the offices of General and Provincials were to be elective. Since then the office of Provincial has been made appointive. Each province was to have one centralized novitiate. At present there are five provinces, with Provincial Houses in St. Louis, Troy, St. Paul, Los Angeles, and Atlanta.

Four dioceses entered the general government union, St. Louis, St. Paul, Natches, and Albany. There now remained the securing of the approval of the Holy See, which Archbishop Kenrick by letter and Mother St. John in person earnestly petitioned.

Mother St. John was received with gracious kindness by Pope Pius IX. He had received letters commending the congregation from five American Bishops and he ordered an examination of the constitutions. The result was an initial approval, followed in 1867 by a confirmation of this, and after further trial of the constitutions and plan of government, final and full approval was given by Pope Pius IX on May 16, 1877. It was this greatly tried and saintly Pontiff who blessed the Mother House with its large treasure of relics, beautifully enshrined in Martyr's Chapel. He also granted privileged altars in all chapels of the congregation and He it was who chose St. Joseph as patron of the Universal Church. Mother Julia Littenecker, Mother St. John's companion to Rome in 1867 has left in letters an inspiring picture of Rome and His Holiness. They also had the pleasure of a visit with the

Countess de La Rochejaquelin. Of interest to the Los Angeles province is a notation that on shipboard they met Bishop Amat of Los Angeles, whose call for sisters she had been forced to refuse, the previous year. Also that a protégé of the Countess, a Vendean, was one of three postulants who returned with these sisters from France. Louise Ouvrard afterwards Sister Felicia was a pioneer in the establishment of St. Marys Academy, founded in Los Angeles in 1889.

Since the establishment of general government we have had seven Superiors General; Mother St. John Facemaz, Mother Agatha Guthrie, Mother Agnes Gonzaga Ryan, Mother Agnes Rossiter, Mother Rose Columba McGinnis, Mother M. Pius Neenan and Mother Killian Corbett.

The passing years showed a wonderful expansion in the Mother House Province as well as in that of St. Paul and Troy. Parish schools, academies, hospitals, orphanages, Indian schools and institutes for deaf mutes, called increasingly for more sisters to aid in their development; hundreds of requests for our sisters then as now, had to be regretfully refused. Yet God has blessed the vineyard in the large number He has called to our novitiates.

On August 19, 1938, nine sisters set out as missionaries to the Hawaiian Islands, five of these were from the St. Louis Provincial and four from Los Angeles. Since then St. Paul has sent sisters and Troy will do so in the near future. Our missions in the Islands are in Honolulu and Waipahu on Oahu, and at Paia on the island of Maui.

WESTWARD HO!

The first far-western expedition set out on April 20, 1870; its destination, Tucson, then the capital and largest city of Arizona with half of its three thousand inhabitants Catholics. It was the Episcopal See, with Bishop Salpointe as its head.

The group of our western pioneers numbered seven. They were, the superior, Sister Emerentia Bonnefoy, Sisters Ambrosia Arnichaud, Euphrasia Suchet, Monica Corrigan, Hyacinth Blanc, Maxime Croisat, and Martha Peters. Directed by Bishop Salpointe's advice they traveled from St. Louis to San Francisco by train and from Omaha over the newly finished transcontinental railroad. They took passage by steamer to San Diego, then by covered wagon to Tucson. Sister Monica's diary gives a vivid picture of a journey that reads like a romance. It tells a story of a long weary desert crossing, a proposal of marriage to each at a stopping camp, where there were only male inhabitants, threats of Indians, and finally, some miles out of Tucson, an escort of soldiers and citizens

over a trail, below the mountain hide-out of Apaches, where shortly before had occurred an Indian massacre. On the fiftieth anniversary of this entrance, sons of some of the pioneers, who had formed the original escort, staged a pageant, riding out to the hills and meeting a covered wagon with which they paraded through the principal streets of Tucson and joined in the celebration held at St. Joseph's Academy. One of the leading citizens who was taking part asked Bishop Grandgent to ask some Sisters to ride the covered wagon, but he answered that they would not wish to do this "They were not that kind of Sisters."

In Arizona our sisters opened the first academy, first orphanage, and first hospital in the state, and for many years had care of the Indian school at San Xavier Mission, then a government reservation. Its Indians, Pimas, by origin, on being converted to the faith took the name Papago, meaning "belonging to the Pope." At this time they also cut their hair until then worn long as was the custom of many Indian tribes. An academy was opened at Prescott Arizona in 1885.

In 1882 the first California establishment was made in San Diego, birthplace of Christianity in California with the founding by Father Junipero Serra in 1760, of the Mission San Diego de Alcala. Our convent was dedicated to Our Lady of Peace. Sister Ambrosia O'Neill was its first superior, Sister Valeria Bradshaw its second, Sister Margaret Mary Brady its third. During the superiorship of Sister St. Catherine Beavers, a charming group of buildings overlooking historic Mission Valley was erected—the new Academy of Our Lady of Peace sometimes called Villa Montemar.

The second mission in California was St. Patrick's school in Oakland where also an institute for deaf mutes and several parish schools were opened.

In 1889 five sisters from Carondelet came West to open a school in Los Angeles at the request of Father Meyer C. M. pastor of St. Vincent's parish. At first a parish school, St. Mary's, soon became an Academy and boarding school with full time program of grammar and high school. In 1903, the provincial house was transferred from Tucson to Los Angeles with Mother Elizabeth Parrott as Provincial. A novitiate was opened in the Fall of 1903. Mother Elizabeth had succeeded Mother Gonzaga, first western provincial with headquarters at St. Joseph's Academy, Tucson. Succeeding provincials of the Western Province, which now includes California, Arizona, Washington and Idaho, were Mother Herman Joseph O'Gorman, Mother Marcella Manifold, Mother St. Catherine Beavers, Mother Margaret Mary Brady, Mother M. Elesia Dwyer, Mother M. Killian Corbett, Mother M. William Flanigan, and the present provincial Mother Rosemary Lyons.

In 1911 the provincial house and St. Marys Academy were moved to the present site at 3300 W. Slauson Avenue. The Los Angeles province now governs thirty-eight resident convents, from which radiate parochial schools, academies, and hospitals with work among the deaf carried on after school hours.

Meanwhile colleges had been established in St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Paul and Albany. In the summer of 1925 Mother Margaret Mary became the first president of our California college, Mount Saint Mary's. The year previous, as provincial she had been requested by Bishop Cantwell to make such a foundation. Her successor in the provincialship, Mother M. Elesia and her council, Mother Margaret Mary, Mother St. Catherine, Sister Aurelia Mary and Sister M. Killian Corbett with Mother Agnes Rossiter then Superior General, selected a site in the foothills of the Santa Monica mountains where work began on the building of Mount Saint Mary's. Until the spring of 1931, college classes were held at St. Mary's Academy. Classes on "the Mount" opened with thirteen boarders and forty-five day students. This number has grown to one hundred thirty boarders and two hundred fifty day students. Our alumnae numbers about six hundred. The original building was a residence hall temporarily sheltering all college activities, on a campus of thirty-six acres. The campus has expanded to fifty-six acres with five permanent reinforced concrete buildings with tapestry tiled roofs. These are, in addition to the students' residence (the original building), Mary Chapel, accommodating four hundred-fifty, Faculty Hall, the residence for religious members, St. Joseph's Hall with administrative offices, laboratories, class rooms and Little Theatre, and the Charles Willard Coe Memorial Library. A standard swimming pool, fully equipped, is the latest campus addition.

The College presidents have been Sister Margaret Mary, Sister Mary Dolorosa, Sister Marie de Lourdes and Sister Agnes Marie, the present incumbent. Pioneer faculty members include Sister Lillia Francis, Sister Agnes Bernard, Sister Marie de Lourdes, Sister M. Dolorosa, Sister M. Generosa, Sister Clementine Joseph, Sister Mary of Angels, Sister Rosemary, Sister Rose de Lima, Sister M. Celestine, Sister Winifred, Sister Ignatia, Sister M. Ursula, Sister M. Ida, Sister Helen Bertille, Sister Gertrude Joseph, Sister Regina Joseph, Sister St. Francis and Sister Timothy.

October 15, 1950 marked the silver jubilee of Mount Saint Mary's. "Inter Nos" is glad to make use of this opportunity to thank the superiors provincial, the local superiors and the sisters whose sacrifices have made possible the development of Mount St. Marys, also Mount Saint Mary's Guild made up of the loyal mothers and friends of our students and faculty, and our Alumnae association for their constant encouragement, cooperation and financial contributions.

A Thank You — A Play

By Lea O'Donnell

CHARACTERS

MRS. STEVENS

JODY

KENNETH } *Her children*

Scene: *A three-room apartment in one of Chicago's tenement districts. It is eight o'clock on Christmas Eve.*

A little silvertip stands to the right near the corner window; candles tip each branch making the giant star gleam into the shadows. To the left is a door and shelves of old books, a few faded pictures, two or three meerschauts, and a bronze baby shoe. A narrow kitchen is center rear. At one side of both chairs is a lighted table lamp. Rain drops splatter lightly against the windows.

JODY STEVENS, *slumping in the old plush with her legs dangling over the arm, is reading from a worn edition of "The Night Before Christmas."* MRS. STEVENS *perches on a kitchen ladder draping popcorn strings about the slender fir.*

JODY. "And I sprang from my bed. . . ." Oh, why do I always have to read on Christmas Eve. (*Raises her head toward her mother, pauses, and then saunters across the room.*)

MRS. STEVENS. Tradition, dear.

JODY. Tradition! But it is so old-fashioned.

(*MRS. STEVENS turns slightly to look at the youngster sprawling on the floor, slowly adding cranberries to a worn piece of string.*)

MRS. STEVENS. (*To herself*) (She's growing so fast. My baby is nearly fourteen.) Jody, tradition makes things worth while. The whole essence of Christmas—peace, joy, grace, our Faith is all mixed in Tradition. (She's not listening. Last Christmas—this room, so sunny and warm with Kenny bumping around into things. And their laughter . . . There's just two of us now, Jody.)

(*Jody looks up at her mother*)

JODY. We had fun at Mr. Thomas'. Remember how Ken was so particular about just the right size and shape for our roaster. And when we would drive into Timmy's, how he had the per-

fect tree all hidden away for us. And, oh, how we would stumble over each other to get the trimmings down and ready.

(JODY *rolls over*.)

I don't understand it—not any of it. A National Emergency!

MRS. STEVENS. (She is so quiet these days; her eyes are listless. I wonder if she is getting enough vitamins) Jody, no one can understand the “why” of things, we just accept them. God, in His Divine Providence sees us and watches over us, and in His Mind our life is a complete cycle. As you grow older you will see each piece fit together.

JODY. Hm-m I wonder if Ken sees the cycle, now; more likely it's blue Pacific!

(MRS. STEVENS *puts on the last popcorn string and comes down the ladder. She picks up the leftover scraps.*)

MRS. STEVENS. More beautiful than last year.

JODY. (She is pleased. I'm glad. Wish she didn't look so worried.)

(*Putting the box of scraps in the overcrowded closet, MRS. STEVENS walks into the kitchen. JODY follows; she selects the silverware.*)

MRS. STEVENS. Let's have some music, as long as it is Christmas Eve.

(JODY *brings the recorder from the corner.*)

JODY. Ken did a good job with all these old, odd parts. I'll bet even now he's tinkering with some gadget. (Pauses as she looks over the stack of records.) At least, we have a good selection.

MRS. STEVENS. Yes, I'm glad we bought so many, though your father did not approve of my extravagance. Those old melodies are so cheery; play them all, Jody. It seems so strange tonight without Ken at home. Even the rain returns to haunt. . . .

JODY. You don't suppose? No, I guess not.

MRS. STEVENS. You don't suppose and you guess not what?
Jody, you will have to make sense sometimes!

JODY. Maybe Ken will come home.

(MRS. STEVENS *glances briefly at Jody, chin jutting slightly, as she finishes the table.*)

Scene 2: *Christmas Day.*

JODY. Pass the cranberries, please, mother.

(*A SLIGHT NOISE is heard on the steps; both tense a moment.*)

JODY. I think it's Ken.

MRS. STEVENS. Dear, the people downstairs are moving in the extra chairs for their dinner tomorrow.

(*Sounds on the stairs increase.*)

JODY. Ye-ow!

(*JODY drops her glass and dashes for the door. KEN bursts in; JODY hugs her brother.*)

JODY. How did you do it? Where did you come from? When do you go back, and . . .

KEN. Punkin, keep quiet. Let me give you a squeeze, mom. Sub-side, junior.

(*MRS. STEVENS sways slightly with Ken's hugging, JODY whooping, and Andrew's Sisters, "Let it snow, let it snow, snow."*)

MRS. STEVENS. (*Above din*) Have you eaten, son.

KEN. I came from camp as soon as I got my pass. The C. O. gave us the order this morning for a 48-hour pass as the shipping papers had not yet been cleared.

(*JODY leads him to the table.*)

KEN. We were—sure looks good—lucky this time. MM! I like the company I am with. Turkey is delicious. And those new machines I use are tops. Pie and all. I'm so full.

(*JODY and KEN clear the tables; MRS. STEVENS crosses the room and drops into a chair. Arm in arm, the two come in. KEN relaxes in the other chair with JODY at his feet.*)

KEN. The old recorder still going? I'll have to tune it up before I leave. "Music hath charm."

(*KEN leans his head against the back of the chair. JODY looks from one to the other.*)

JODY. It will be a Merry Christmas after all, mother.
(*Mother smiles at her children.*)

MRS. STEVENS. (*In a whisper*) Thank you, God.

Memories of the Holy Year

I

I WAS A HOLY YEAR PILGRIM

By Angela McDonald

Ireland is really wonderful! If you ever want to meet hospitable people Ireland is the place to find them. Why it is unheard of to visit someone and go away without having tea. And tea is much more than it sounds; it could be anything from tea and cakes to a full course meal, so it is a bad day when you visit very many people. They really make you feel at home and after you have visited only a few minutes you feel like long-time friends. They can not do enough for you and everyone you visit is quite disappointed when they learn you are not staying there for a couple of weeks. Nearly everyone I met told me that if I didn't see another place to be sure to see Killarney. After going there I knew why. The countryside alone is a beautiful sight and then to have the Killarney lakes besides. It is nothing less than breath-taking. I walked to the top of Torc Waterfalls, another picturesque sight, and from there the three lakes are plainly visible. This was about 10 p.m. and since Ireland has the long twilight, the scene was even more impressive. Of course I could not come back to America without kissing the Blarney Stone, so I took the short side trip to Blarney Castle, climbed the long winding stairs, and finally very undramatically kissed the stone. I should be full of the "blarney" now.

Perhaps I was slightly biased, having an Irish-born mother, but in spite of this I was quite pleased with London and enjoyed all the historical places as well as the "cockney" accent. They could have been speaking German and I probably would have understood better. Really, one would never guess they were speaking English. In fact this was confirmed by an experience which I had. I, very innocently, went into a candy store and told the girl I'd like a half-pound of mints. She weighed them and I tried to give her the money. Well, she wanted more than money and I just couldn't figure out what it was. After I had her repeat it a halfdozen times it finally dawned. "Sweet stamps." Was I stumped! I told her I was a visitor and didn't have a ration book, but she wasn't letting the candy go until she got the "sweet stamps," so I went without. As I found out later, nearly all foodstuffs are rationed in an effort to export the maximum and thus restore England to its pre-war status.

After an exciting four days in Paris I was glad to start out for

Lourdes. The morning I was to leave, I decided to go for Sunday Mass to the Madeleine, supposedly the richest church in Paris. The hotel clerk told me there was Mass from 6 o'clock on, but when I arrived there, at about five minutes to six there was no sign of anyone even to open the iron gate in front of the church. A few minutes later a group of women and two priests came up. One lady who spoke English asked me if I knew of any other Catholic church nearby. I told her there was one about three blocks away which I thought was probably Catholic. She told me the group was from Cuba, but she had been educated in America and had learned English there. One of the priests turned out to be a Bishop and the church, we found out, was a Polish Catholic Church. So I had the privilege of attending Mass in a Polish church in Paris with a Cuban Bishop as the celebrant. I call it my international Mass.

The marvelous faith of the people in Lourdes made quite an impression on me. No cures took place while I was there, but the huge number of crutches and braces hanging outside the grotto are evidence enough of the miraculous power of the Blessed Virgin. I took part in the candlelight procession, and it made me feel like I was a real part of the intense devotion to our Blessed Lady. The blessing of the sick was a beautiful ceremony, and when I saw all those silent willing sufferers I could well understand why some will have higher places in Heaven when they have such afflictions on earth, which they endure with complete resignation to God's will. It does one good to experience such a sight.

I got the greatest thrill of my life when I attended a general audience in St. Peter's on July 19. The Pope was very gentle and kind looking and still maintained the stature of the visible head of the universal Church. The one main thought that came to me was "Is this real, am I just dreaming or is it actually the Holy Father, about whom we hear so much but never expect to see?" I came out of the audience feeling like nothing greater could ever happen in my short life.

After seeing all the historic places in Rome including the Vatican Library, and Museum, the Sistine Chapel, the Catacombs of St. Callistus with the sealed tomb of St. Cecilia, the Pantheon, Coliseum, and the Roman Forum, I made my pilgrimage to St. Peter's, St. John Lateran, St. Mary Major, and St. Paul's Outside the Walls. While at St. Peter's I learned about an interesting custom concerning the founders and foundresses of religious orders, who have been canonized. They have a marble statue of each one around the upper half of the Basilica. The guide, knowing that the majority of us were Americans, pointed out the most recent statue, that of Mother Cabrini. He told us that the usual action is for the order to finance the sculpturing of the statue—\$17,000 for St. Cabrini's—

but in this case there was a special dispensation given so that a gentleman in Chicago, who is Jewish, could donate the statue in thanksgiving for the curing of his wife, through St. Cabrini. A girl in the group mentioned that she didn't see any empty spaces for new statues, but the guide readily pointed out a few and told her here was room for one of her if and when she founded an order and became a saint.

I climaxed my visit in Rome by taking in a performance of "Carmen" at the open-air theater which has been built in the ruins of the Caracalla Baths.

We were very fortunate in having the opportunity to attend a performance of the Passion Play which is held in Oberammergau every ten years. It started at 8:30 and ran until noon. After a two hour break for lunch it began again at two and lasted until 6 p. m. Interest never lagged because the players gave the impression of actually living their parts rather than merely acting. Instead of going away feeling dislike for Judas I think everyone felt sorry for him and honestly hoped he asked for Jesus' mercy after hanging himself. They enacted the Crucifixion scene with Christ and two thieves actually hanging on the crosses—Christ fastened with nails and the thieves with heavy ropes. The play was so true to life that it gave me the feeling of actually being present at Christ's passion. The entire performance was in German, but the English translations were excellent and since they spoke so clearly I was able to follow every word.

The people of Oberammergau are certainly to be congratulated on their faithfulness in fulfilling the promise their ancestors made in 1633 that if their village were saved from the plague they would show the sufferings of our Lord on an open stage every ten years. I can truly say that the Passion Play was another wonderful experience, and I thank God again and again for giving me the opportunity of taking such a trip. It also opened my eyes to a better appreciation of the United States, and one other thing—I'll always have a special place in my heart for foreigners. I know what it is like to be one.

SAVIOUR

By Shirley Burke

Alone—save for His presence.

Forgotten—save for His kindness.

Despised—save for His love.

Yet saved—by His redemption.

II

IRELAND AND ROME

By Eleanore Kelleher

They say it rains at Shannon Field ninety per cent of the time . . . but by rain they mean a continuous spray of fine mist. We saw it at full strength one day when there wasn't an Irishman around to explain the phenomenon. However, that does explain the rich shades of emerald green that covers the entire countryside. One is able to get a full view of the countryside because of the gently sloping and rolling hills. Each field is divided into perfect squares, several acres square . . . and the division is usually made by low brick or stone walls covered with more green vegetation. The purpose of these partitions is to keep the cattle from trampling over crop areas and also to keep them in their own territory. The deeper we went into County Kerry or away from Dublin the more thatched roofs we saw. However the main roads are only second class to our standards so we didn't deviate along many side roads. The most impressive sight of any small village was the bold lettering of the variety of Irish names above each business establishment. There is also a sprinkling of cattle or donkey-carts passing through these towns. Bicycles are plentiful everywhere. In Dublin the police seem to spend more time directing them than ordinary traffic of autos and people.

The Irish people seemed to be the most friendly in a good-natured casual sort of way. This was noticeable in the country, where they greeted everyone either by speech or waving. On closer contact with the people we found them to be religious in manner of reference and humor. They seem to live their religion in the most simple way of life possible. When passing churches all bless themselves . . . even drivers of cars have the habit. They rarely make serious conversation unless riled up about an important issue . . . and even then they are comedians. As individuals they are more introspective than most races. They always seem to have a good reason for their philosophy of life.

Italy: "Bright and Sunny Italy" is right. Our first time there we spent one solid week without even seeing a cloud. However we were fortunate to make a return visit a week later and we saw how it looks in the rain . . . just like California . . . on its bad DAYS . . . overcast sky . . . and heavy downpours with a little sunshine sprinkled in between the hours of drenching. Regardless of the unusually bright sun the air is quite moderate . . . in the shade. As in other warm climates however, the Italians too, have their little siesta . . . every afternoon . . . and we followed suit. In the country the smaller villages are built high on cliffs and mountains . . . they seem to blend right into the vegetation as there is a scarcity

of red roofs as compared to Germany. The country itself is very similar to California in climate and in scenery . . . palm trees . . . wide variety of flowers . . . and miles of beautiful coast lines. We saw both the Mediterranean and Adriatic sides . . . the Adriatic being prettier. The water temperature for swimming was ideal, not cold, but cool and refreshing. There was a great area through the center of Italy that was desert-like in appearance—rocky and sandy. Naples was fairly dusty but had its vantage points, too. The harbor was alive with lights at nights and there were quite a number of new and modern buildings under construction. Capri really impressed us and we didn't even see all of it. The water surrounding the isle was a blue as blue can be and there was a variety of shades as we neared the Grotto. The lighting reflected inside is indescribable . . . but it made our swim much more enchanting. We then headed North to Venice another unusual spot. We had expected to catch a boat to reach the place but we found ourselves being transpotred right in on a train. In fact we didn't know it was completely surrounded by water until we got off the train, left the station and tried to cross a canal to hunt for a hotel for the weekend. Nothing was as impressive there as St. Mark's Cathedral, with all its ancient coloring and architecture. We took many a winding, narrow street to find the place as we didn't ride in a gondola, as normal tourists.

The people were friendly—the men a little too friendly, almost to the point of being nosey. When one person is asked a question a crowd will gather before five minutes have passed. They all seem to be arguing or disagreeing but in the end a decision is usually reached. Then men, especially the young ones, are particularly interested in American women, whether it is for themselves or as a means to an end, America itself, I don't know. At least, many of them showed a great desire to come to America. We were in Italy two weeks. The women are not seen in great numbers on the streets, but in Rome and in St. Peter's especially, they were in the majority. One couldn't help notice them, as the older they were, the stronger they seemed. We know because they pushed us violently on and off busses (the ones that made the rounds to the four Basilicas). The smell of garlic is terrific on scorching days. The people in Rome were usually well dressed, but they say it's hard to tell the Romans from the tourists.

In the immediate area of the vatican on back streets we were amazed to see slum areas, also near the Opera outdoors in the ruins of the Baths we noticed an old Roman aqueducted wall which had been converted into makeshift homes for the most unfortunate poor who didn't receive the benefits of being taken care of as they would have been within some parish boundaries. In the country, women, ranging from the very youngest, even children still carry buckets of water, laundry, and any other commodity on their heads. Of course there is a thick padding beneath it to prevent injury. Another amazing sight was the carrying of long

loaves of bread about the streets from the shops to the homes. They don't use paper coverings as we do.

On August 22, 1950 we were ushered into St. Peter's via the traditional pilgrims' procession—1800 Catholic College Students from America. Cardinal Cushing celebrated High Mass and gave an inspiring talk to the pilgrims, after the Mass. As there are no pews or seats in St. Peter's they had erected temporary ones to accommodate our mob. Due to the huge crowd Holy Communion was given with the Communicants lined up, in kneeling position on the floor directly at right angles to the altar. Although we made the Basilica visits many times we never felt like we had ever seen enough of the magnificent pieces of art. Every statue and picture was a masterpiece or reasonable facsimile. St. Peter's—the largest in the world; St. Maria Maggiore, the richest; St. Paolo Fuori le Mura the newest (In 1823 fire destroyed the old church; St. Giovanni in Laterano, the oldest. On August 23rd our group of students from America saw the Pope for the first time. As we were such a large crowd the Swiss Guards had quite a bad time holding back the eager Italians. In fact when it was our turn in line to enter the Basilica, a group broke through the guards and as it took several minutes to restore peace and continuity three of us were forced to make a grand entrance; we walked down the main aisle of the Cathedral all by ourselves. The aisle had been cleared by means of wooden partitions to hold the crowds back when the Pope made his appearance. Many of the pilgrims brought portable stools that took up little room. Several hundred others, mostly nuns had balcony seats above and behind the main altar, while others had balcony space above and in front towards the sides of the altar. I was disappointed in the cries of, "Viva il Papa!" It was difficult to distinguish the words. I had also expected to hear more stamping of feet, but with those solid marble floors all I could hear was rumbling of voices, while white handkerchiefs waved in the air.

Our Holy Father made his entrance through the Holy Door exactly on schedule, although our group had been assembled and in waiting for an hour and a half previously. He was arrayed in white, and was carried upon his chair to the main altar escorted by the beautifully arrayed Swiss Guards. His signs of peace and blessings to the crowds were gentle, graceful and humble, and he was smiling constantly. At this audience he impressed me as being a very slight and short man. However, at the second audience, the following Saturday, when he was making his own visit to St. Paola's he walked in and I discovered he was quite tall, in fact he towered over the guards who are supposed to be at least six feet. When he greeted the pilgrims in St. Peter's, I could hardly understand him as the acoustics are poor. He spoke softly, but his appearance and blessings made up for it. He touched the flag that a member of the Malta group thrust before him on his way out, and after he passed the other members of the group almost created a

small riot, in their eagerness to touch the now holy flag. Of all the people seen and met in my lifetime the Pope was definitely the most impressive; his humility and kindness beamed through to all the people.

We also had the unique experience of climbing the Scala Sancta, twenty eight holy stairs on which Christ walked to His trial before Pontius Pilate. The condition for the indulgence is to climb, on the knees only, either meditating on Christ's Passion or saying prayers on each step. From there we walked a few blocks to see the Cathedral where parts of the true Cross are exposed. Of the four hundred churches in Rome we saw only about fifteen and those not very thoroughly. We visited one of the largest catacombs, passed "Quo Vadis" church, toured many others before winding up in the *Protestant Cemetery*, to view the tombstones of Keats and Shelley.

III

I SAW CHRIST CRUCIFIED

By Marianna Bauer

I saw Christ enter Jerusalem, triumphantly riding a donkey along the palm strewn road.

I cried with Mary when she learned that His time had come, that He was "as the lamb led to the slaughter."

I was present at the Last Supper, and later, in the garden, I watched with the Christus while the apostles slept.

Judas and the soldiers came and led Him away, while I stood helplessly by with Peter and John.

The scourging, the crowning with thorns, the angry mob shouting for His death all filled me with fear.

But the crucifixion was the most difficult to bear. A kind of numbness overcame me. With mingled emotions of love, pain and sorrow, I watched my Lord suffer and die on the Cross. With horror I watched while the two thieves were brutally beaten to death. When the soldier pierced Christ's heart with a lance, the tears ran unashamedly down my face as the blood trickled down His bruised side.

My heart broke when I saw Mary, gently holding her Son's head in her lap. Her tenderness and sorrow had a lasting effect on all around her.

I saw the guards cringe in fear when Christ walked from the tomb, and I heard the angels sing as the King of Kings ascended into Heaven, leaving everyone breathless and joyful.

I saw these things happen before my eyes, and underwent the extremes of joy and sorrow I described.

I saw the Passion Play at Oberammergau during this Holy Year of 1950.

IV

ODD BITS FROM HERE AND THERE**By Elizabeth Mannix**

On Sunday, May 28, we boarded the Pan American Airline Clipper "Westward Ho." Before taking off the Stewardess passed out chewing gum advising us to always chew gum when taking off and landing. The clipper was most luxurious with a large game lounge below decks and on the main deck comfortable adjustable seats for reclining, also berths for any who might prefer to use them. The crew was most courteous and obliging serving cocktails soon after our departure and a very good dinner around seven. We were perfectly comfortable—no engine vibration or annoyance whatever. We were soon airborne and as there was a broken ceiling were able to catch many glimpses of farms, rivers, lakes and mountains as we passed swiftly over the New England States and Canada, and it was still daylight when we reached Labrador at 11:30 P. M. Here we were ushered into a huge shed where we spent the best part of an hour filling out forms, much like our passports, for the Canadian Police Department. This great nuisance was repeated as we entered and left each country; likewise on the Continent upon registering at each Hotel. A few of the latter collected the passports and did this clerical work themselves, but at most of them we were obliged to fill out the forms.

After approximately an hour in the Labrador Customs House we again boarded the plane and with a brisk following wind were soon flying at 25,000 feet at about 350 miles per hour.

We reached the London Airfield the following morning at 9:30, where we were met by a niece of one of our party, who saw to it that we all enjoyed a cup of tea while filling out our forms for the British Customs. We now changed to the British European Airways, Flight No. 331, a much smaller plane, aboard which they gave us cotton for our ears and candy to suck instead of chewing gum. We were above the clouds all the way to Le Bourget, but it did not matter as most of the time we were again filling out forms, this time being also required to enumerate all the money in our possession, naming country and amount. This was quite a task for me as a niece who had served abroad during the war had sent me quite an amount of currency she had brought back from Europe. This by the way being all war money was quite useless except the British, but alas, having once enumerated it on paper I was obliged to continue to do so upon entering and leaving each country. They served us lunches in attractive boxes decorated with colored sketches of their various ports of call, costumes of the natives, etc.

Being on a prepaid tour we were to be met by an agent upon our arrival at each town, and so were rather bewildered to find no one waiting for us at Le Bourget. This was however the only place in Europe where we arrived without being greeted by the cry "Lanseair" and upon making ourselves known we were immediately taken in tow, escorted to our Hotels, given tickets for all excursions, and called for and returned to our hotels. We accompanied the other passengers to the Air Terminal Invalides where we heard the cry of "Lanseair" for the first time and greeted our Courier who appeared to be as glad to see us as we were to see him. This little Frenchman wore a chauffeur's cap and a mackintosh and though we saw no rain in Paris he was attired thus every day of our stay. Each evening, or early in the morning he arrived with tickets for the day's excursions, saw that busses or taxis came to pick us up; escorted us to the train when we left for Liseaux and Lourdes; met us again on our return to Paris after our tour of Italy and Switzerland, and saw us safely aboard our train to Calais enroute to England and Ireland. We rushed around Paris, madly trying to see in a few days what one needs months to really assimilate. My most lasting impression of Paris is RUSH. Everybody rushes on foot, on bicycles, and in taxis which have silly little whistles and one hears their most inadequate "Peep, Peep" on all sides. If they have traffic laws, and I suppose they must have, no one even pretends to obey them. They all rush at the intersections trying to get there first; the traffic officers shout at the drivers who shout back at them; they shout at each other, often shaking their fists as well, miss each other barely by inches, and yet we did not see a single accident. The high light of Paris to me was not Notre Dame or the Louvre but Sacre Coeur, that marvelous Church built upon stilts on the brow of a hill, overlooking the whole of Paris and showing so plainly, what is hard to believe from below, that Paris is really an island in the river.

We spent one day at Liseaux visiting the home, convent, tomb, and new Basilica of the Little Flower. Poor Liseaux was terribly bombed for no reason whatever, and unfortunately non-Catholic interests have obtained most of the bombed portion and are erecting modern dwelling units and apartment houses and places of amusement, absolutely commercially minded. I am so glad we saw Liseaux before these incongruities were completed.

From Paris we went to Lourdes by train, travelling all day, lunching in the diner of the Wagon Lit as they call it, and arriving just in time to deposit our baggage at the hotel and rush off to participate in the Candlelight Procession. Thousands of pilgrims from every land, most of them with lighted candles, marched back and forth in the square in front of the church following the lanes marked out at the corners, by stationary figures also holding candles. Square paper shades come with the candles, to protect them from the wind; on one side is a picture of the Grotto, on the other

sides the words of the hymns, so that everyone can join in the hymns as they march. A never to be forgotten sight and sound! We heard this "Ave, Ave," many times later in Rome and never without being transported back to Lourdes and the Candlelight Procession. Up with the birds next morning and off to the Grotto for many masses, then to the Church where I assisted at seven at one time before returning to the Grotto for the Mass for the sick. It is a heartbreaking sight, to see all those poor sufferers, some limping along on crutches, the blind being led, but mostly carried in wheel-chairs or on litters. The right side of the space facing the Grotto is reserved for them and here the priests pass among them administering Holy Communion and again at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament the priest bears the Monstrance, back and forth among them. After two masses they are moved to a small park between the Grotto and the church where, weather permitting, their breakfasts are served them out of doors. Then they return to the grotto for more masses while awaiting their turns at the baths. There is constant quiet movement, people coming and going, passing beneath the statue of our Blessed Mother, kissing the rock at her feet from which the moisture slowly drips, passing on behind the altar to the original pool and so to the baths. Many of them stop to fill their containers with Lourdes water to take away with them. We witnessed no miracle of which we were aware except the resignation of the poor sufferers, but from the newness of many of the crutches and leather corselets showing no signs of exposure to the elements we knew there had been some, quite recently. There are hundreds of crutches and braces of every description hanging against the wall on the left side of the Grotto opposite the beautiful statue of Our Lady of Lourdes.

After breakfast I strolled through the quaint village separated by the beautiful rushing river but joined by many bridges. Situated, as it is, in the heart of the beautiful Pyrenees, Lourdes is a rare and unspoiled spot. After buying some souvenirs, mailing Lourdes water home and filling several bottles to take along I returned to the Grotto for Benediction, and the afternoon blessing of the sick. Then hastened back for my baggage and reached the depot just in time to catch our train to Toulouse where we arrived at 8:15 after a gorgeous ride down through the mountains and valleys, farms and vineyards. After an early breakfast we left Toulouse for Nice where we arrived in the early evening having spent the day viewing scenic grandeurs, one after another. Orchards, vineyards, towns perched on top of the mountains, and finally dropping down to the ocean along the breathtaking scenery of the French Riviera. We spent the day sightseeing, leaving in the late afternoon for Genoa. As we left again early the next morning we did not see the famous Cathedral, in fact all we saw of Genoa was the statue of Columbus and the marvelous harbor. All that day we travelled along the shores of the blue Mediterranean, much calmer than our Pacific. Neither

along the French Riviera or the Italian Lido did we see more than the faintest ripple. There are German Pill boxes along here which have been converted into playrooms and they hold dances on the roofs. Finally we turned away from the sea, with its beautiful bordering homes, and at last arrived at Rome. Our hotel was directly opposite the Sulpician Monastery where Mass was celebrated at twelve or fourteen altars from daylight 'till noon. My chief memory of that church is of a very large brother with a long flowing red beard who moved quietly around taking up the collections. Always there, at no matter what hour you arrived, always taking up the collection but never passing the box twice to the same person, I was really quite distracted trying to figure out how he remembered those to whom he had already passed the plate. People are constantly coming in and departing; there are no pews, just cane seated chairs with a kneeling step at the back. You enter the church, pick up your chair, carry it with you to the altar where you intend to assist at mass. When it is time to kneel you turn the chair around and kneel on the very uncomfortable cane step, then turn it around again to sit down. Of course our visits here were in the early hours or evenings, as our days were crowded with tours of Rome, ancient and modern, the Major Churches, Art Galleries, Vatican City, Catacombs and Castel Gandolfo. Everywhere we went were large groups of pilgrims carrying Crucifixes and flags, singing hymns and praying in the churches, and on the streets between them. We spent one precious half day procuring tickets for admission to St. Peter's Square for the Corpus Christi Procession and to St. Peter's for the Papal audience on Saturday. Our letters had been mislaid but we finally secured the coveted tickets and rushed out. Finding no taxi we hailed a landeau in which, instead of ambling slowly and dignifiedly along, as one is accustomed to seeing ladies proceed in these vehicles, we were rushed as fast as the horse could trot to St. Peter's in order to secure a good place. We did have a good place, and though we stood there for hours with thousands of others, I did not hear one complaint or impatient remark. I would willingly stand twice as long again for another glimpse of our Holy Father, saintlike, beautiful, ascetic, in face and figure, voice, and movement. There was quite a delay during the procession, after the thousands of brilliantly attired clergymen had entered the square, before the Pope was borne down the steps of St. Peter's, clasping the Monstrance and apparently oblivious to all except the precious Burden he bore for the adoration of the multitudes. At the general audience within St. Peter's however, he was entirely human, addressing a few words to each pilgrim group in their own tongue; asking in each language are there any pilgrims here from such a place, then after those groups shouted and cheered he would make a few remarks. I think he must be briefed as to the pilgrimages expected at each audience, after mentioning many European and South American countries Pope Pius said "Are there any pilgrims here from

New York" and when the cheers subsided, "From Chicago," and again when quiet descended "from Los Angeles," of course I waved and shouted but only heard one other voice. An expected Los Angeles pilgrimage had evidently failed to arrive. There were two large Irish pilgrimages present to whom he said "Caed meilla faelta," and they sang lustily "Great and Glorious St. Patrick." Then the Holy Father stretched his arms wide and said, "My children, my dear, dear children." I shall never forget the sound of his voice or the expression on his beautiful face. After fulfilling our Holy Year obligations we left Rome for Assissi by bus. They certainly have fine busses, new "Fiats," with reclining seats, large windows with tops that roll back, weather permitting, and most of them are equipped with a public address system over which the stewardess points out the points of interest, she also serves lunch on an all day tour. We passed through beautiful country dotted with olive and lemon groves, also with many, many figs; as we climbed up we took some breathtaking horseshoe turns, but fortunately our driver was as good as his bus and so we were delivered safely at Assissi, the birthplace of St. Francis. Assissi is not only the site of world famous shrines, it is also a gem among Italian towns both for its architecture and the superb views it commands. It perches atop a 1000 foot hill above the valley of the Tiber, a quiet, clean and cultured place. If there is anything new in Assissi except the inevitable curios, we failed to encounter it. Here we were fortunate enough to have two California priests for our guides through the famous churches of Assissi and St. Clare; one from Hollywood and one from San Louis Rey, both sent over for the Holy Year for the benefit of English speaking pilgrims. Here we saw the preserved body of St. Clare, the thornless rosebush of St. Francis, the figure of our Lord which spoke to him from the crucifix, his cave or cell and the little shrine where he was granted the privilege of the Portiuncula and where one can gain the indulgence, not once a year, but any day, at any time. I left Assissi with the deepest regret, and it shall ever be one of my most treasured memories.

Once more, by motor coach we travelled to Florence, where we visited the Art Gallery, Churches and famous Bridge of Bargains, though I failed to see many of the latter. Florence was badly bombed but is speedily repairing the damage. From Florence we travelled to Milan by train but unfortunately our time here was spent mostly with the inevitable papers—those to be turned in on leaving Italy and on entering Switzerland. This done we again boarded the train and were soon climbing higher and higher into the mountains.

All along the scenery and architecture had been so similar that I could not have told by either, whether we were in France or Italy, but soon all was different and one knew this could be nowhere but Switzerland. Lovely little villages nestling into the hillsides, flocks of sheep, goats and cows, and everywhere churchspires. This latter

is true of all that part of Europe which we were privileged to see. Finally we arrived at Montreux, where we found that our hotel was on the shores of Lake Geneva, and from our bedroom we felt as though we were right on the lake itself, which gleamed blue as blue could be, with great mountains climbing snowcapped into the heavens. We visited the Castle of Chillon which is in a perfect state of preservation, has still much of its original furniture, and a wonderful pewter collection, and here we were fortunate enough to meet some chimney sweeps just leaving, attired in Prince Alberts and high silk hats, very comical indeed, in contrast to their sootblackened faces and hands. Why and how they adopted this weird costume I was not able to learn. We took a two hour ride down the lake and saw a village where there is no dividing line between France and Switzerland; on one side of the street you are in Switzerland and on the other side in France.

Next day we travelled back to Paris by train and the following day through Normandy to Calais. This part of France bore the brunt of the fighting in the last war, some places being almost entirely destroyed among them Calais. We crossed the English Channel on a packet, but again spent most of our time filling out papers, though we did return to the deck in time to see the famous cliffs of Dover. I suppose one should not get so disgusted with the endless forms one is required to fill out, as we had no other trouble with the Customs anywhere; never once were our suitcases opened. We simply stated that we were Americans in transit, and they passed us right through.

We spent a few days in England, visited the Tower of London, Big Ben, Dickens Curiosity Shop, Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle, Eton and Stoke Poges. I should have liked to see more of England but time would not permit, so we motored out to the London Airfield to get our Air Lingus Plane, St. Lawrence O'Toole, and enjoyed a quick flight to Dublin.

Words cannot express the feeling one has in Ireland, at least one of Irish blood. How wonderful it is to feel that all are one in blood and Faith. You do not say "Please direct me to the Catholic Church" but "Please tell me the way to the nearest church;" and really you need hardly ask just follow the crowd, on foot, on bicycles, in sidecars and donkey carts they come, young and old, male and female on their way to work and school all stopping in for Mass as a matter of course, and the numbers of Communicants at the daily Masses is awe inspiring. And the children, the darling little rosy cheeked children on the streets and crowding the cottage doors, most of them with a tinge at least of red or auburn in their hair, with bright blue eyes and sweet, shy smiles. I forget if it was in Wexford or Dungarven that we first asked a group of them about a church but their reply was so quaint that we made a point

of repeating our question wherever we went and always received almost the exact reply. Since Ireland has been free, the former Church of Englanders call themselves the Catholic Church of Ireland and there is one almost every where you go. One day, just to see what they would say, we spoke to a group of children, explaining that we had visited this and that church, naming them and were now on our way to that church, pointing it out to them and one little girl exclaimed, "Oh, no, you cannot go there, 'tis nought but a Protestant church, and the Lord is not in it, 'tis only open of a Sunday."

The Stationmaster in Wexford thinking to give us more room insisted on putting our heavier luggage in the baggage car, but forgot to tell us that said car would be changed at Waterford. The result was that upon arriving at Dungarven, except for a small overnight bag apiece, our baggage had all disappeared. As far as we knew they had no labels save those bearing our names and home addresses as we had carried them with us always. We sent out tracers immediately and repeated them from each overnight stop, but it was five days before we recovered them, through the diligence of the Stationmaster at Killarney, who finally traced them to the lost and found department at the Dublin Airfield, to which place they had been returned as they still bore the Air Lingus tags.

We visited Dungarven and Cork, both beautiful seaside places with splendid harbors; the birthplaces of our ancestors. In Cork one of our party was permitted to ring out several tunes on the famous Shandon Bells. We motored from Cork to Killarney, stopping for a visit at Blarney Castle, and for lunch at Gugane Barra, an entrancingly beautiful, unforgettable spot, chosen by St. Finnbar for his first hermitage and school, and where his cell and those of his followers are still to be seen, also the Holy Well which claims many miracles. Then, on around the Kerry Ring to Muckross Abbey and the lovely lakes to Killarney. We saw in the distance the famous Macgillicudy Reeks with Carrantowhill upon which the Irish erected a twenty foot cross for the Holy Year, and which thousands have climbed to celebrate Mass or to assist at it.

Our last stopping place was charming, rugged, unspoiled Ballybunnion, the birthplace of our father. From Ballybunnion, we travelled to the Shannon and followed that grand river to the Airport where we boarded the American Overseas Flagship, Shannon, for our return trip to New York. It rained every day, while we were in Southern Ireland sometimes in the early morning, sometimes at midday, but oftener towards evening, but no one pays rain the least attention, it is an almost daily occurrence. We drove around the lower lake of Killarney in a fine soft rain and enjoyed it. It is this constant moisture and bright sunshine that makes Ireland the beautiful place that it is and has earned her title of "The Emerald Isle"—the rain and the sunshine, the tear and the smile in the beautiful eye of Erin.

Alumnae Notes

MRS. J. SOBIECK (Winifred Gatz) and infant son visited the Mount recently accompanied by her sister, Rosemary, MRS. L. ANTONVICH, and her two little sons, Gerry and John.

MRS. THIELEN (Margaret Crosby) is a frequent visitor with her handsome two year old son. Margaret's sister is now a Mount Freshman.

MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR SPITZER (Blanche van Oort) are also rejoicing in the arrival of John Arthur. Too bad Blanche lives so far away.

MR. and MRS. J. F. SCANLON welcomed their third, a little boy this time, John Francis III. Three year old Deirdre calls him "the angel baby."

FRANCES McDERMOTT COOLEY with her beautiful seven months old daughter visited the Mount recently. FRANCES BORCHARD FRIEDRICKS was with her and MARY McCARTHY. Their staunch girlhood friendship is still strong. Frances Friedrichs thought it a more peaceful visit with her three left at home. We hope she will bring her interesting family some day.

MARGARET MILLER HOOKS, most active in founding our San Diego Chapter and its first president, is taking graduate courses in social welfare at U. C. L. A. Her twins at present are living with Margaret's mother. As Margaret has an apartment in Westwood, we hope to see her often.

MAUREEN TROUNCE APPEL temporarily is living at 1021 Coast Blvd., La Jolla, her former home, while waiting for Ray to complete his course in an aviation officers' training school in Texas. Maureen expects to join him in February.

CHARLOTTE CERUTE BOURNE has again shown her practical interest in the biology lab. Charlotte knows what specimens are valuable to the class and generously provides.

Following the Jubilee breakfast at which our Alumnae was well represented, the association held its annual elections. MARY FRANCES McKENNA was chosen as president, MARY VIRGINIA BRYAN secretary, MARY FLYNN assistant secretary, JEANNELLE McDONALD STEHLEY financial secretary, BETSEY KNIERIEM treasurer, and FRANCES HEANEY McGIVERN historian.

GERTRUDE CRAMER, the outgoing president, with her faithful assistants, KATHLEEN CONNOLLY, JEANNELLE STEHLEY, VINCIE GINEVERA, PEGGY RUSH, MARY FRANCES McKENNA and LORAIN BARKER received a well-merited vote of thanks for their work of the past year. A gift of \$800 with the alumnae scholarship represents the substantial amount of \$1000, which our former officers and collaborators, the

Alumnae Association, raised as their Silver Jubilee gift to their College.

The meeting took up the question of the formation of Chapters, in areas too distant for the members' frequent attendance at meetings at "The Mount." Oxnard is a ripe field with loyal interested workers. The southern Beach areas are interested and San Diego formed its chapter during the spring.

We should like to publish the names of our members who attended the Jubilee ceremonies, but as space does not permit of a complete roster, we list three charter members, LILLIAN MAY EVANS, INEZ FEENEY, and MARY AGNES SCANNELL McCCLURE, with a telegram and donation from DOROTHY LIEB VON DER AHE, from Chicago, and telegrams from CATHERINE COEN and DAVIDA KEPPLER RHINELANDER. Of the class of '30 five out of the original seven were present; SISTER ROSE GERTRUDE, THERESA McCANN GUTHRIE, VERONICA McNEESE DeVERE, MARY ELIZABETH LAMB and HELEN RUMSEY McCAMBRIDGE. Helen also assisted at the afternoon reception. The presence of our class of '31 entailed many miles of travel for some. There were ADELAIDE BUCKLER BURKE, TILLIE PELLEGRIN CLEM, and JOSEPHINE SCOTT JAQUA. Of '32, MARY VIRGINIA BRYAN, FLORENCE CONWAY ADAMS, EILEEN NASON MERCER, CLAIRE DEEGAN, ELIZABETH MERCOLA MOSS, and ALICIA HANNIN DAVIES, and dainty daughter. Of '33 MARY FLYNN, MARY ALICE McINERNEY KROCK, ESTHER DEEGAN and HELEN SHINDEL PICKETT. Of '34 ANN REBECCA DEAN. Of '35 LEE FITZGERALD GEEVER, KATHERINE O'MEARA, and HELENE PERRY TRAMMEL with her lovely little son and daughter. JOSEPHINE SCOTT JAQUA "tore herself away" from her eight to make the trip from Pasadena in time for the ten o'clock Mass. Practically all our married alumnae had to inveigle husbands as "baby sitters" so that mother could join her former teachers and friends at the Jubilee Mass or reception or both. We regret not being able to include names of all our representatives of later classes, but we think that note should be taken of a donation of \$25 from MARGUERITE COOK '37 in memory of MABEL CRAYCROFT '42 who died several years ago. As we cannot thank in person each of our girls who contributed to the Alumnae gift, we wish them to know that we have the honor roll of their names and say collectively we thank you all. God bless you!

